

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

## Herman & Hess

Morning, noon and night symbolizes youth, manhood and age. Remember, we can clothe all ages with fitting garments for any occasion for the least possible outlay, consistent with satisfactory results.

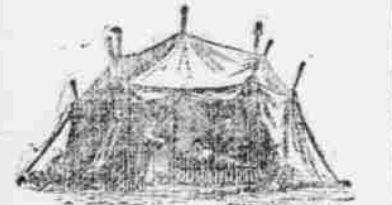
## Herman & Hess

One-Price Clothiers,  
406 East Douglas Ave.

—AMUSEMENTS—

CRAWFORD GRAND.  
—L. M. Crawford, Owner.  
Geo. N. Bowen, Local Manager.  
Four Nights and Saturday Matinee.

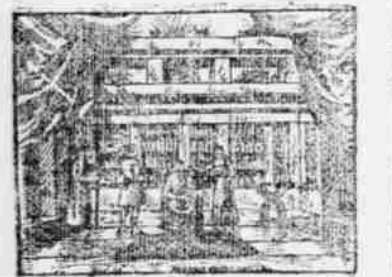
## TONIGHT.



CLARK & COX'S

—SPECTACULAR PANTOMIME—

## 'BEN HUR'



Endorsed by Gen. Lew Wallace; the author.  
50 Magnificent Dignitaries.  
Gorgeous costumes, historically correct.  
A \$10,000 Spectacle.



The first Night an enormous success.  
146 PERFORMERS 146  
Seats now on sale at Boxoffice and  
Rich's Drug Store.  
Regular Prices \$1.00, 75c and 50c.  
Curtain rises at 8 o'clock sharp.  
No amateur delay.

CRAWFORD GRAND.—L. M. Crawford, Manager.  
Geo. N. Bowen, Local Manager.

## ONE WEEK

and Saturday Matinee,  
Commencing Monday, Jan. 16.

The Talented Actor.

## JAMES R. McCANN,

And the Charming Actress,

## LIZZIE KENDALL,

In the following plays:

Monday.....The Debut  
Tuesday.....Street of New York  
Wednesday.....The Golden Girl  
Thursday.....The Wreck of the Great  
Friday.....The Police Inspector  
Saturday.....The Orphan  
Sunday.....The Cleverest Case

Admission—Gallery, 10c; Balcony, 25c; lower box, 50c; box seats, \$1.00.

## THE LINDEN TRIO,

of Chicago, assisted by

## MISS GRACE CLARK,

The Violinist, will appear at the

## FIRST M. E. CHURCH,

Under the auspices of the

EPWORTH LEAGUE.

## SATURDAY EVENING,

JANUARY 14th.

Tickets and seats on sale at the  
Wichita Book Co.

New to Pittsburgh.

A new route to Pittsburgh, Kan., has been established via the Missouri Pacific railway. Train leaves daily at 10:30 a. m., arriving in Pittsburgh at 5:40 p. m. No transfers. No delays by taking this route. Try it.  
P. & T. A. Missouri Pacific Railway.  
125 ft.

## BRINGING HOME THE COWS.

When potatoes were in blossom, When the new hay filled the mows, Sweet the paths we trod together, Bringing home the cows.

What a purple kissed the pasture, Kissed and blessed the elder boughs, As we wandered slow at sundown, Bringing home the cows!

How the far-off hills were gilded With the light that dream allows, As we built our hopes beyond them, Bringing home the cows!

How our eyes were thronged with vision, What a meaning wreathed our brows, As we watched the cranes, and lingered, Bringing home the cows!

Past the years, and through the distance, Through the memory of our vows, Oh that we were children, Bringing home the cows!

—Charles G. D. Roberts, in Lippincott's Magazine.

## SUSY FAXON'S LILY.

By Sacrificing It She Saved Grandma Ordway's Life.

One fine September day the little town of Hillbury, away up among the New Hampshire mountains, was all alive with preparations for the annual county agricultural exhibition, more familiarly called the county fair or cattle show. The wave of excitement reached Faxon's Lodge, the remotest corner of the town, when Mrs. Goodwin's pony carriage stopped at Deacon Faxon's gate.

"Why, it's Lily and my Sunday school teacher!" cried Susy, shading her eyes on the door-step, and recognizing first horse and then driver in up-country fashion. Racing down the path, she greeted the lady.

"Your mother's at home, my dear?" said Mrs. Goodwin, as they went up the path.

"Yes, an' she'll be real pleased to see you, an' you can have all the butter-milk you want, for we churned this mornin'—an'—an'—do you like pie-pa-pan-cakes?"

"Certainly do, and these hills always make me hungry, and thirsty, too."

"I'm so glad!" returned the child, laughing with pleasure. "I made 'em all by myself to-day, and Eben says they're as good as mother's, an' he's goin' to take some to the fair. He's goin' early with his steers, an' then comin' back for Cynthia Ordway an' me an' my lily."

"Oh, how nice! You have shown it to me. I hope I'll take a prize. Good afternoon, Mrs. Faxon!" Mrs. Goodwin added, as they reached the well-worn old millstone which served as a doorstep, and gave her hand to the gentle, thin-faced woman that came to meet her.

"Susy and I are talking far already, and I've come to beg something pretty for my lily," cried the child, Susy pulled her teacher to a bench outside the kitchen window, where, among the ferns and geraniums, rose the clear green blades and stately blossom stalks of an amaryllis, crowned with a cluster of intensely scarlet flowers.

"I'm sure there will be nothing prettier at the fair," said Mrs. Goodwin; and then, as Susy ran down cellar for the butter-milk, the visitor turned to Mrs. Faxon, saying:

"I'm tired of having nothing but patchwork and pincushions and bread and butter and cheese on the women's table, and I want to have a really pretty show of old-fashioned things. I shall cover the table with mother's white Canton crane shawl to begin with."

"Silly!" cried Mrs. Faxon. "And I have her silver candlesticks, a porringer of my husband's, and an ivory miniature of Grandpa Hopkins. And Mrs. Ordway has lent some blue-and-white blankets that her mother wove, and they're under my carriage-seat now, with Mrs. Mason's anderson and her father's masonic apron. I told her I was coming here next, as I knew you'd have some pretty china or something. You're so nice and careful, and so was your mother before you."

"I don't know as there's anything you'd care 'bout," began Mrs. Faxon, modestly. "Mother's chiny went mostly to Mary Jane, she bein' the oldest; but I kept the silver snuffers tray—maybe you'd like that?"

"Certainly I should! Just the thing to go with my candlesticks! But every one shall know it's yours," she quickly added, seeing a shadow steal over the quiet face. "Everything will be marked where it is," and heaved, and all."

"So far as old goes," resumed the minor voice, "I s'pose my gold beads is about as ancient as anything; they was grandpa's baby beads. But you wasn't lookin' for anything like that, was you?"

"Nothing half so nice!" cried Mrs. Goodwin, joyously. "They'll be the most interesting of all, and I'll guard them like the apple of my eye."

"How nice to see you, because I was named for her, an' I hope I'll be as good as she was. I did the q' cradle, we was all rocked in. You wouldn't want anything as cumbersome as that; but it's a long sight older'n Maria Mason's anderson, if I do say it."

"Mrs. Faxon," said the pretty widow, clapping her hands, "you're a perfect treasure! Let me see that cradle this mornin'!"

"They all climbed the steep, worn stairs to the box-heated, heated parlor, where Mrs. Goodwin found not only the cradle, but a brass warming-pan, a three-legged table and a perforated tin foot-stove which used to be taken to meetings before the days of church furnaces. All except the cradle were, with much laughter, brought down and stowed around Mrs. Goodwin, who drove away next day, promising to send for the cradle next day. The last thing she said was: "Susy, be sure you bring your lily to my table."

Mrs. Faxon's table was the center of attraction in the main hall, and its mistress, as usual, the queen of the day. But complete as was her triumph, and generously as the public appreciated her collection, her face was wistful and anxious. Where were Susy and the amaryllis?

The Faxon family had been astray since daylight. Eben was away to the upper pasture, to bring down his steers and the little Holstein heifer which was his mother's gift, or prizes, for their master that day.

"I've seen too much of hurrying and worrying cattle in the heat of the day," he said overnight to his mother. "I'll drive 'em in early before the rush begins, and then I'll come back for Cynthia Ordway and Susy."

Susy was flying about, feeding her chickens, helping get breakfast, and

packing a pail of pie, cheese and doughnuts for dinner.

"Oh 'Babel's roarin' awfully!" she reported, on one of her returns to the barn. "Do you s'pose he's lonesome without the steers?"

"Shouldn't wonder," said her father; "or maybe the spring's dryin' 'em. Whist! I'd told Eben to look."

"O father, I never knew that spring to get dry!" said Susy.

"No, nor you never knew six weeks o' drought in September afore," he retorted.

They laughed at the grim pleasantry, and old Zerubbabel, the king of the hill pasture, was forgotten.

House and barn were in perfect order when the parents drove off to the fair, and left Susy alone in the house to wait for the return of her brother Eben.

She must draw her precious lily to the room, in order that Eben need not drive up to the house. He had set the flower into Susy's little four-wheeled cart, and she had scoured the green tub and washed the leaves, and watered it well; and now it was almost ten o'clock.

She locked the door, gave kiddy a patting pat, that started slowly down the hill toward the bridge. Four ways met there—the lane leading to Cynthia's, the road into the woods, the Faxon driveway and the road to the fair.

Susy looked up the road for Eben, but for a glaring half mile there was no moving thing. The green ribbon road through the woods to Capt. Banks' was deserted, too, so was the Ordway lane.

But some one was moving up near the hills. Susy shaded her eyes. "Oh! it's Grandma Ordway!"

This was a gentle old woman, deaf and partly blind, and fond of wandering about in the sunshine.

"Yes, that's her little red shawl; how hot it looks to-day!" Susy was in a glow, even in her cool gown.

What if this heat should make the lily droop? Better drive it a little way up the lane into the shade of the maples. There! How welcome the coolness!

"Hark! Old 'Babel' again!" thought Susy. "How near it squealed! He must have broken into the lower pasture. What a dreadful angry roar—beginning so growly and ending so shrill!"

She was glad she had not to stay at home alone and listen to it. How it echoed against the old saphouse behind her!

This was a rude board shanty where the men piled the maple sap in spring and kept their pails and kettles. It had a chimney, a square hole for a window and a door facing the bridge.

"If 'Babel' should get out—if it's water he's after—he'll come tearing down here to the brook," thought Susy. She shuddered and looked at the saphouse door. It was hooked on pretty for my lily, but above her head, by the door, was a small square hole.

"Better climb into the apple tree by the wall," thought Susy. "But my lily! Old 'Babel' would be sure to see that and trample it all to pieces, it is so red."

Another roar! There was no doubt now; old Zerubbabel was out—he was coming right down the hill behind the barn! He made nothing of the gate; he sprang over it as if it were a jump, one lift of his short, cruel horns, and was tossed from its hinges and he was in the yard and at the watering trough.

But alas! there was nothing but mud and green scum in it. Eben had been taking the cows to the brook for a week past. 'Babel' did not stay long at the trough, but started down the road toward Susy.

"I must get out of his way," she thought. "There's too much to run up to the Ordways'—but not with my cart and lily. I must put them in the saphouse."

She found a stick and pushed at the rusty hook of the saphouse door with all her might.

Another howl! 'Babel' was coming! The hook gave way, the door fell in. Susy scrambled after with the cart. She shut the door and piled bricks, stones, blocks, all the lumber she could find against it, in frantic haste.

A terrible tramping, a sound of flying pebbles, and a roar that chilled her blood, told her that 'Babel' had reached the brook, with only a few yards and that trail door between them.

Her teeth were chattering with fear, but she felt that she must look out. The window was on the wrong side, but there was a crack in the door.

Yes—there was a long distance, the baggageman, in order to be comfortable for the ride, stretched himself at full length on the coffin. He had not ridden far when to his great horror he heard issuing, as he supposed from the coffin, these words: "Let me out."

The baggageman immediately made up his mind to get out, but was stopped at the end of the car by the mail agent. They decided to investigate the matter, and while they entered again heard: "Let me out!" in a decided tone. They determined to open the coffin and liberate the corpse, when, to their great surprise, they heard the same voice exclaim: "Polly wants a cracker!" That solved the mystery.—N. Y. Journal.

Disputed Burialplace.

Five elderly men, evidently strangers in the city, walked up to the box office of a downtown theater the other night and purchased the requisite number of seats "way down front, please." Just as they entered the theater—they were a trifle late and the curtain had been up fifteen minutes—the comedian was singing a topical song, one verse of which called the attention to the fact that most occupants of front seats are destitute of historical information. Every man of the five was almost as bald as a billiard ball, and the words of the song fitted them so well that the audience simply yelled. For a moment the five stood irresolute and their evident embarrassment only served to renew the shouts of laughter. The usher turned down five seats, handed the tickets to one of the five, but without a word the five replaced their hats, wheeled "about face" and solemnly tramped back the aisle and out of the house while the audience yelled some more.

Before Kings, Yes; Ladies, No.

A most example of the royal retort occurred was that on the occasion of the king's visit to Dublin in 1821. At a court held there Lord Kinsale thought fit to air his ancient hereditary privilege of naming the coronet before the sovereign. George IV., whose sense of propriety was wounded by this breach of good taste on the part of the Irish peer said to him: "My lord of Kinsale, we recognize your privilege to wear your hat in the presence of your king, but it does not appear whence you draw your authority for covering your head in the company of ladies."

Susy couldn't make such a dust with her little cart.

"It must be a horse rolling," thought Eben, "or the calves have got out and are frolicking down there, or—"

A terrible fear contracted Eben's heart. He ran forward now, leaving his wagon by the roadside, for he had heard a hoarse sound that he knew well.

"Oh! Heaven, have mercy!" thought Eben. "Old 'Babel' is out, and Susy—little tender Susy—was to wait just there!"

The bushes were in the way but he sped on, one hand clutching his stout pocketknife.

Soon he could see again—and what a sight! Susy's little cart flew through the air! Susy's cherished lily was trampled and ground to atoms beneath those cruel feet! And where was his little sister?

For one agonized instant Eben stood, his eyes searching the road, the trees, the brookside for that innocent face, that active little figure, never so dear, so sweet before.

Then a pale old face appeared at the saphouse window, and Grandma Ordway's shrill voice called out:

"Eben! Eben! We're here! We're safe!"

Eben gave such a mighty shout, made up of such past fear, of such present thankfulness, and such rage against 'Babel', that the animal, though now enraged, wheeled about and went suddenly growling up the hill to his own barn-yard.

Just instant the saphouse door flew open, and Susy was in her brother's arms.

Between his eager questions and her own crying and laughing, she told him how the bulls had fought till both were exhausted. Neither having gained a decided advantage, they seemed to agree to call it even. Lord Cornwallis had gone groaning up his road, and 'Babel' had started the other way, when grandma came innocently into sight. Her red shawl and nodding head at once excited 'Babel's' awe.

"She was under that first maple," said Susy, "and he was pawing and putting down his head, getting ready to run at her, when I thought of my secret lily. I opened the door and gave the cart a great push. Oh, Eben, wasn't it lucky that it was down-hill? It went straight at him, while I was running and pulling her in here! Then we shut the door and piled up things against it, and she kept hugging and praising me, but all the time I was thinking about my poor lily. I couldn't bear to look out and see him tear it to pieces. I couldn't help crying, and she thought it was about her—and oh, do you think it was very wicked of me to care so much for a lily when it saved Grandma Ordway?"

The poor child hid her face and burst into a fresh agony of sobs.

You can imagine how she was comforted by the big brother. He promised her the finest half that could be found in Concord and he carried her up Cynthia's. Grandma Ordway walked beside, murmuring: "Smartest little gal I ever see, so she is!"

There was no fair for any of them that day, for Susy kept trembling and laughing and crying so that Cynthia put her on the bed beside grandma, in a cool, dark room, and gave each of them a cupful of hot camomile tea, after which they slept profoundly and were in good order.

Eben, meanwhile, went to Capt. Banks' place and chained up Lord Cornwallis, who was found lying down with one eye closed. Eben did the same by Zerubbabel, now too much subdued to offer any resistance.

He spent the remainder of daylight in repairing fences. A heavy rain that night broke up the drought and washed away most traces of the battle at the bridge, but when next morning Eben and Cynthia and Susy, all happy now, drove over to see their way to the cattle show at last, they espied among soaked bits of red petals and green leaves a shining brass ball from 'Babel's' horn.

Eben gave it to his sister as a memento of her adventure.—Laura D. Nichols, in Youth's Companion.

A Voice from the Dead.

A baggageman on a midnight train, while taking on board the usual load of freight and baggage, placed to one side a parrot cage. Further up the line, at a small station, he took on board a corpse, and, as the next stopping place was a long distance, the baggageman, in order to be comfortable for the ride, stretched himself at full length on the coffin. He had not ridden far when to his great horror he heard issuing, as he supposed from the coffin, these words: "Let me out."

The baggageman immediately made up his mind to get out, but was stopped at the end of the car by the mail agent. They decided to investigate the matter, and while they entered again heard: "Let me out!" in a decided tone. They determined to open the coffin and liberate the corpse, when, to their great surprise, they heard the same voice exclaim: "Polly wants a cracker!" That solved the mystery.—N. Y. Journal.

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## WOES OF A MAN SHOPPER.

A Pitiful Spectacle Which Affords Amusement for Salegirls at Times.

There is nothing more pitiful to the feminine beholder than a man frantically endeavoring to buy a gift for his wife or sweetheart. His intentions are of the best, but his knowledge is so limited that an unscrupulous saleswoman can palm off some wretched object on him if she simply assures him that it is quite the thing. "She is a woman, therefore she ought to know," bargains with himself, and nine times out of ten buys whatever she advises, regardless of color, form or expense. Now with these trusting and lamb-like creatures roaming about at large at this season it becomes the salespeople to be especially honest and not being down upon the innocent head of the giver the wrath of some fair recipient who discovers instead of a modish and elegant present a passe offering that has lain on the shelf unsold since last Christmas. Some men swagger in with a know-it-all expression, which, however, deceives no one, when they ask, with a very important air, to be consulted as to "the right thing, please," and on their arrival at the counter where these are sold do not know an article from an oyster patty.

From a long and trying period of observation of the ignorance they manifest on a shopping tour, the Philadelphia Times has about come to the conclusion that the only places where a man can be allowed to roam with perfect safety are the forests, the confessions and the jewellers. They can't go very far wrong in either of these establishments, and it is much better to buy with an air of certainty articles that are sure to be all right than to get into a dry goods store where they are at the mercy of the girls behind the counters and become the victims of their own credulity. All ye men who mean to give gifts such as are found in the emporiums where female togery does most largely hold forth be wise, give the money to a woman friend who cannot be bulldozed by salesgirls, and confine thy purchases to jewelry, bonbons and flowers.

STRANGE BELIEFS.

Something About the Chinese Theory of Evolution.

The Chinese have as old ideas about the earth and the origin of man as they have about other things with which they, as well as ourselves, are better acquainted. According to their way of viewing the matter, the rocks of the earth are the bones of the Divine body; the soil is the flesh, the metals, the nerves and veins. The tides, winds, rains, clouds, as well as frost and dew, are caused by the respirations, pulsations, exhalations, etc., of this seeming inanimate body. Originally, according to their idea, the mountains rose to the skies and the waters of the sea and oceans covered the mountains to their tops. At that time there was no life in the Divine body, except the Divine life. By degrees the waters subsided and small herbs began to grow, and, in the lapse of immense cycles of time, these herbs developed into strong shrubs and trees. As the body of man, unwashed for years, breeds vermin, so the mountains, unlaved by the seas, bred worms and insects, greater creatures always developing from the lesser. In the course of untold ages beetles became turtles, earthworms became serpents, and high flying insects became birds. Mice developed into wildcats, and the wildcats into tigers; the mantis was by degrees transformed into an ape, and some of the apes were finally born hairless. A hairless ape playing with two flints accidentally kindled a fire by striking them together.

With the fire thus obtained he cooked food and the eating of food thus prepared made him more strong and intelligent than his fellow apes. With all their faults, asks the Philadelphia Press, who will say that the Chinaman's theories of evolution are not as reasonable as some of the ideas advanced by the Darwinians?

WOMEN IN INDIA.

Feminine Dress There Consists Mostly of Jewelry.

According to a recent writer who has been there the native women of India seem to array themselves mostly in jewelry and modesty. He says:

"The Indian lady is loaded down with silver and gold jewelry and precious stones. Her ears have many rings in them, some so large that they reach her shoulders. Next comes the nose, with rings large enough for a bracelet. Occasionally the lips are also ornamented."

"Then she has several necklaces of costly pearls, amethysts, rubies and emeralds, and innumerable rings on most of her fingers and toes, including the thumbs and great toes. An Indian lady's jewelry was weighed on one occasion, and it was found to turn the scales at thirty-five pounds."

"The conventional dress for ladies consists of a piece of silk or gorgeously colored cotton about five yards long and half a yard wide. This is wrapped about the body in the following way: One end is circled round the waist once or twice, then the remainder is thrown over the left shoulder, leaving the right breast, both arms and legs bare. The cloth reaches nearly to her knees."

"It may thus be seen that she is well dressed for the purpose of displaying her ornaments and comfortably dressed for the climate."

The French in Dahomey.

It is a curious feature of the French foreign legion, which has been doing some hard fighting in Dahomey, that it is composed of social outcasts from all parts of Europe. Men who have held prominent positions in the German, Italian and other armies, but who have been cashiered for various offences, may be found serving as privates in the legion. The discipline is remarkably severe and the men are notorious as desperate fighters whose courage has been proved in many campaigns. Any one who loves fighting may get his fill in the legion, as it is called upon more frequently than any other branch of the French military service and the work is always dangerous.

"I Will" and "I Shall."

As a guide to the proper use of the words "shall" and "will," some one suggests the following verse:

In the first person simply "shall" denote, In "will" a caveat or a promise denote, "Shall" in the second or third person denote, "Will" always then denotes the feat.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Casteria.

## DON'T FAIL

TO SEE

## PROF. MYERS,

Paint beautiful oil paintings in our show window, in from

3 TO 10 MINUTES,

that requires other artists days to accomplish.

WITH EVERY

\$1.00 PURCHASE

we will give an oil painting free, with small additional cost for frame.

RED MARK SALE

Offers all winter goods at enormous sacrifices.

## Boston Store

## Thomas Shaw.

Owing to the bad weather I am overstocked on Pianos, Organs, Music Cabinets, Music Boxes and Sewing Machines. Now is your time to buy fine goods cheap for a few days. The goods must go; come and see for yourself.

129 North Main St.

## HOTEL CAREY.

\$2 TO \$3 PER DAY

JNO. B. CAREY Prop.

C. W. CAREY, Mgr.

1893 Calendar for 1893

The World's Fair Calendar for 1893 are now being distributed at the Block Island city office, free. You are invited to call and get one or more. L. H. Furr, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, Wichita.

Wichita, Kan., Jan. 7, 1893.

To the Stockholders of the Wichita Watch Company: You and each of you are hereby notified that there will be a meeting of the stockholders of said company at the rooms of the probate court, in the court house of Sedgewick county, on Saturday, Jan. 14, 1893, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing a board of directors of said company and transacting such other business as may come before said meeting, and that said meeting will be held pursuant to the call of the undersigned. Irvin Strickland, W. H. Jones, John McCormick, M. A. Ayer, L. Simpson, C. E. Coleman and R. E. Lawrence.

Jack Frost stimulates travel. When he touches our nose, we think about getting warm.

California has the ideal winter climate—just for enough south to be sunny and hot, and just far enough north to be healthy.

Santa Fe route takes Jack Frost's hint, and has arranged a series of personally conducted weekly excursions to California. Full-time tourist sleepers, furnished with bedding, toilet articles, etc., leave Chicago and St. Louis every Saturday evening, and leave Kansas City every Monday morning, via A. T. and T. A. Santa Fe route, leaving via A. T. and T. A. Santa Fe route, on two separate trains.

Special agents and porters to attend to second-class tickets honored. A small charge for use of tourist sleeper. Everything neat, clean and comfortable.

Kind of tourist sleepers again, as written in N. Y. Times, 6 p. m. and T. A. Santa Fe route, leaving via A. T